

THE LITTLE UNITY.

→* TENDER, ÷ TRUSTY ÷ AND ÷ TRUE.*←

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No. 17.

ACORNS ON A HICKORY TREE.

C. H. C.

Under the vase which held a bouquet of autumn leaves I found some objects which looked like tiny acorns with smooth cups. There were some twigs of oak in the vase, but the little acorns did not come from them but from some hickory leaves. They were attached to the under side of the hickory leaves by the tip of the acorn, the part which resembles the cup being uppermost and concealing the other, so that while it is on the leaf you do not perceive the acorn-like appearance. These gall-houses,—for they were really insect galls,—were clustered together in quite a village on the leaf; each one was divided into an upper and a lower story by a flooring which separated the strong-walled acorn part from the thin-walled cup part.

The plump, white, footless grub lies comfortably doubled up in the lower chamber, while his garret is empty and unoccupied. I presume he hopes that an enemy, calling, will see and investigate only the upper story, and omit to notice the chamber concealed underneath.

I wonder what family of insects my little friend belongs to? I find, on referring to my books, that there are four families chiefly concerned in gall-making, and some others which furnish only a few members having this habit. Of the four families the most important one is *cynipidæ*, or gall-flies proper; also called "gall-wasps." They are four-winged insects, allied to wasps, ants and bees, and their grubs are thus described: whitish, very soft, with an inconspicuous head and no legs, and a more or less cylindrical body, tapering at each end and lying in a curved position in the cell. As the larva of the acorn answers to this description, I consider myself justified in calling him a cynips, and considering him as related to the oak-gall insects, which belong to the family *cynipidæ*.

He certainly cannot belong to the next most extensive family of gall-making insects, the saw-flies. They are also four-winged insects, but usually larger than gall-wasps, and only a few members of the family make galls. These usually prefer the willow. The larvæ can at once be distinguished from those of other gall-making insects by their large head and their generous allowance of legs, of which they have twenty—six true legs and fourteen false legs. The larva of a little moth lives in a gall on the golden-rod, but he has a smaller head than the saw-fly larvæ, and only ten false or pro-legs.

Nor do I think that my little larva can belong to the family of gall gnats or gall-midges—little two-winged flies, which look not unlike small mosquitoes. Their larvæ are footless grubs, but are distinguished from the

larvæ of the gall-wasps by being longer and narrower, and usually of an orange color, varying to blood-red.

They are also honored by a head, which is, however, very small and retractile; but their most characteristic organ is a horny, usually forked, process called the "breast-bone." It lies under the skin, near the head. The tip of this organ can be projected from the skin, and the grub is supposed to use it as a knife and fork, to cut the interior surface of the gall and prepare it for eating, and also as a pick-ax and spade, to make for itself a passage out of the gall, for some of these larvæ leave their galls and enter the ground to transform; others remain in them, and spin themselves a delicate little cocoon.

But I found four other kinds of gall on hickory leaves, and I have left myself no space to describe them to you. They are very curious. Do look for them if you can still have access to any hickory leaves. I am going to begin a blank-book, in which I shall write as complete a description as possible of each gall that I find, and I advise you to do the same. We shall then know, when we read other people's descriptions, whether our galls are like theirs or different, and we may find some species which no one else has yet discovered.

IN AUTUMN.

Calm thoughts with autumn days I win,
As if I nearer were
Unto the solemn gathering-in
By the Last Harvester.

The flowers I may no longer cull,
Each dew-wet gem a star;
Yet death, as birth, is beautiful
In things that beauteous are.

—Youth's Companion.

STRAW MOSS.

On the ground in dry woods I often find a moss which is conspicuous by its numerous, long, straw-colored fruit-stalks. I have seen them nearly two inches long, but I never found any myself which were much over one inch. The capsule is rather small, cylindrical and nearly erect, and at the very base of the fruit-stalk one finds a cluster of erect bristle-shaped leaves.

I am almost afraid to tell you the scientific name of this moss. It is *Trichostomum pallidum*. *Trichostomum* comes from two Greek words meaning a hair and a mouth, in allusion to the hair-like teeth about the mouth of the capsule, and for the same reason the common name is "fringe-moss," but as the fringe is difficult to see with the naked eye, I prefer to call it "straw-moss." *Pallidum* means pale.

C. H. C.

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A "short rule for long comfort." Pass quickly by your own troubles, and help others in theirs as often as possible.

Mothers, talk over the school hours with your children and know what is going on. Share their fun, and then when a reproof is needed it will not fall on unwilling hearts. This happened the other day.

"Mamma, may I take my music box to school?"

"That is a queer question. Certainly not. Why did you ask it?"

"The girls all have something in their desks to play with in school, but of course I should only play it on the way to and from school."

"Are the lessons not enough to keep the boys and girls busy in study hours?"

"No, indeed! We just have to go over and over and over the same old reading lessons, because some of those in the class don't read it well enough. Most of us know them by heart," and she began to jabber through one of the reading-book stories. "The girls bring little dolls and funny things; the boys have their tops, and eat apples, and then we show things across and have lots of fun; the teacher doesn't know a thing about it."

"If your lessons are so easy, it would be better that you should go into a higher class."

"Oh, it's just review time before we are examined."

"And that is the way you study your reviews and prepare for examination?"

"It's only when we are to study the reading lessons; truly, mamma, they don't do it other times. We really do know them all by heart. The few who don't read them decently, *can't anyway*."

"Have you finished drawing from those cards the triangles and figures you were at work upon?"

"Yes. If I had more of that paper that is ruled off in little squares I should make another set, nicer than that one."

"You shall have all the paper needed, and that will be better business for you in school until after examination than smuggling playthings into study hours. You mustn't have dishonest secrets from your teacher any more than from your mother."

"If you cannot be with your class next Sunday, send them a letter and tell them why you are absent. We are always pleased to hear from an absent friend. If your excuse is a good one, your absence, so used, may for once do more than your presence."

A RAG-PICKER AND HER DONKEY IN PARIS.

ARSENE HOUSSAYE.

I was hurrying by like everybody else. A female rag-picker, pale and famished, led by the bridle a poor little donkey, which seemed a hundred years old, and which dragged a poor little cart, full of the rubbish of the street—rags, broken bottles, torn papers, worn out skillets, crusts of bread, and the thousand nothings which are the fortune of rag-pickers. The woman had done good work since midnight, but the ass was ready to drop. He stopped short, as if he had made up his mind to go no further. His legs trembled and threatened to fall. He hung his head with resignation, as if awaiting the stroke of death.

The sight touched and arrested me. A man would have cursed and beaten the poor beast to rouse him; the woman looked at him with an eye of motherly pity. The donkey returned her look, as if saying, "You see it is all over. I have done my best for you night after night, because I saw your misery was greater than mine. You have treated me well, sharing your bread with me, and your neighbor's oats when you could steal any; but I am dying at last."

The woman looked at him and said gently, "Come, come, dear Pierrot, do not leave me here." She lightened the load by taking out a basket of broken bottles. "Come, now," she said, as if talking to a child, "you can get along nicely now."

She put her shoulder to the wheel, but the donkey did not move. He knew he had not the strength to walk to St. Ouen, his wretched home. She still coaxed him. "How do you think we can get on this way, Pierrot? To be sure, I could drag the cart. But I can't put you in it, and you would be ashamed to be dragged after it." The donkey raised his ears, but no more.

I was going to speak to her, when she ran to the nearest wine-shop. The ass followed her with anxious eyes. He seemed fearful that he would die without his mistress. He was so little that you would have taken him at a distance for a Pyrenean dog. He had grown gray in the harness. A few tufts of gray hair remained here and there on his emaciated body. He looked like a mountain burned bare in many places. His resigned air showed a mind free from worldly vanities. He was far past the age where one strikes attitudes. He was almost transparent in his leanness. But his face was all the more expressive. It had something almost human in its intelligence and goodness. Why had he been condemned to such suffering? Was it the expiation of a former life passed in luxurious orgies?

The rag-picker soon returned, bringing a piece of bread and a piece of sugar. The ass turned and showed his teeth, like old piano keys. But although it was his breakfast time, he had no more strength in his mouth than in his legs. She gave him the sugar. He took it as if to oblige her, but dropped it again, and the same with the bread.

"Ah! mon dieu! what shall I do?" said the rag-picker. She thought no more of her cart. She was full of anxiety for her friend Pierrot.

"Pierrot!" she cried again. Two great tears came to her eyes. She took his head in her arms and kissed him like a child. The caress did what nothing else could do. The ass roused himself and brayed as in his best days. I feared it was only his swan song. I approached and said to the woman, "You seem to be in trouble."

"Oh!" she said, crying, "if you knew how I love this beast! I saved him from the butchers four years ago. In those days I had only a hod. I have raised seven children with my hook. The father is gone and one other, and my eldest daughter was taken away a fortnight ago. My worst grief was that I had to take one to the Foundlings; I had eleven in all; four of them died at the breast. It's no use; you can't have good milk when you work in the streets all night. This little donkey has been my consolation. He was better company than my husband. He never got drunk, and never beat me, and I never beat him. Did I, Pierrot?"

The poor little beast appeared to share in the conversation. He half raised his ears and assented. One of my friends passed by and asked me what I was doing.

"I am making a new friend."

"He may be witty, but he is not handsome."

"I find him admirable, and I would like to see you in his place. He has been out since midnight. Here, you want to help me in a work of charity?"

"With all my heart."

"Very well. Let us buy this ass and put him on the retired list. This good woman will take care of him."

The rag-picker looked at us severely, fearing we were laughing at her. But when she saw the shine of the Louis-d'or she smiled.

"How much did Pierrot cost?"

"Ten francs."

"Well, you go back to the abattoir and buy another ass, and take good care of this one."

I gave my card to the woman and said good-by to her and the donkey. The miracle was complete. The ass started off in high spirits, the woman pushing the cart from behind.

That evening the poor woman came to me in tears. I understood at once.

"Ah, sir, he is gone!"

"Poor Pierrot!"

"Yes, sir, we got to St. Ouen, one way or another. But when we came in sight of our hut he fell on his knees. I tried to raise him, but this time it was all over. My children came running and crying. They talked to him and kissed him. He looked at them so sadly as to break our hearts. I tell you there are lots of people in the world not worth half so much as poor Pierrot. Think of it; he wanted to die at home, after finishing his day's work."

Like a soldier who dies after firing his last cartridge.

The rag-picker opened her hand, and I saw the money I had given her in the morning. "Here are your hundred francs, sir."

I do not know whether I most admired her or the donkey—the ass who did his duty to death, or the woman more delicate than our charity.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

WHAT TO READ.

PLAY DAYS. By Sarah O. Jewett. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston. Price, \$1.50.

"A Book of Stories for Children," called also "Playdays," and written by Miss Sarah O. Jewett, opens with some pretty verses about a buttercup that wanted to be a daisy, and begged a robin to find her a frill for her neck like those the daisies wore. Then follow the stories. The first is about "The Water-Dolly" that was brought by the ocean waves to the feet of a little girl who was wanting a dolly *so much!* The story of "Nancy's Doll" is just as good. But the tale of the "Desert Islanders" you will perhaps find the most deeply interesting. The little Islanders were very enthusiastic and their camping began delightfully, but came to a most doleful end. I don't believe they cared for Desert Islands afterward. "Half Done Polly" is a story with a moral. Then there are fanciful tales about the Kitten's Ghost, what the Yellow Kitten tells about spools, and the talk between the Fluffy Owl and the Pepper Owl. But I think the best of all are the last two, "Patty's Dull Christmas" and "Beyond the Toll Gate." I wish I had space to tell you something about them. A better plan will be for you to get the book and read for yourselves, one story every night, just before going to bed, as we have been doing this summer. It is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston.

L. M. T.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

Blessings, blessings on the beds
Where pillows softly bear
Rows of little shining heads
That have never known a care.

Pity for the heart that bleeds
In the homestead desolate,
Where no little troubling needs
Make the weary working wait.

Safely, safely to the fold
Bring them, wheresoe'er they be,
Thou, who saidst to them of old,
"Suffer them to come to me."

—Alice Cary.

If you read the October *Wide Awake* you can find out in "A Suit of Homespun" how your grandfathers' and grandmothers' clothes were made, and what they were made of; you will learn also how "No Questions Asked" were yet answered; you will honor and admire the ingenuity of a dog in "Captain S. ampadoro," and take delightful autumn walks in "Wild Flower Papers." Your thrills of wonder may be stirred by "The Trojan War" and "Lost Among Savages," while a good laugh may be enjoyed over "Ralph's Cub" and the "Stimpeetis' Surprise Party," which latter, like most of Mrs. Diaz' stories, takes the reader right into the good times she is telling about. Other stories, pictures funny and fine, tangles to tax your wits and music to charm your ear, besides short stories, biographies, housekeeping, carpentering, microscopic wonders, etc., in the supplement, give ample resource for the spare hours of the month.

I was in a butcher's shop one evening in the hottest part of the summer, when I saw two of the men put on their over-coats and comforters as if it had been a January night. They were going down into the ice cellar, and said it would kill them if they did not use great precaution.

"Unity" Sunday School Lessons—Series XIV.

STUDIES OF JESUS.

BY NEWTON M. MANN.

*(The younger children may pass over the parts marked *)*

LESSON XIII.

FORESEEING THE END.

(Read "Bible for Learners," Vol. III., Chap. XXVI.)

I. DANGERS THICKEN.

Before Jesus made the last journey to Jerusalem he had reason to apprehend the fate that awaited him. His enemies there had reached out to destroy him even in Galilee, and they would hardly miss their opportunity when they should have him among them. They had done their will with John, and John had said much less than he to excite their enmity. Why, then, did Jesus go to Jerusalem at all? Why did he not rather keep as far as he could from that city? If we have got inside the gospel story, we have learned that his whole scheme of reforming the religion of his people depended on his going to the front. He had published his doctrines, and they were now in question. Whether the Jewish nation would receive them waited on the verdict of Jerusalem. His duty to his people would not be done till he had made this final effort to win them to his cause. Not to face the dangers before him would have been to give up all for which he had devoted his life.

II. FOREBODINGS.

The prospect was not bright, and Jesus had a severe task in bringing his own apprehensions home to the minds of the disciples. They had just come to think that he was the Messiah, and could the Messiah be killed? It took many a long talk to make this understood. (Matt. XVI; 21.) What did Peter say when Jesus told them what he feared would happen? (Matt. XVI; 22.) This sounded to Jesus like a temptation to avoid the danger. What impetuous reply did he make? After this the disciples did not dare to interfere with his purposes.

*III. THE PREDICTION.

Did he clearly foresee what would take place? The record reads so (Matt. XVII; 22, 23; XXVI; 12, 13, 21), but the record was written after the event. The most we can say is, he foresaw that the chances were against him. Nobody could tell precisely what would happen. The disciples were over-sanguine. They thought he was going up to Jerusalem to be recognized as the Messiah, and to usher in the long-talked-of kingdom. Very likely, to offset their excess of hope, he was constrained to speak more gloomily than he felt. He may have sometime said that his enemies would put him to death. When that actually took place such words would be remembered, and other words in which he expressed some faint hope of a different result would be forgotten.

IV. NOT IN DESPAIR.

All the while, it is to be remarked, Jesus goes straightforward and wavers not at all about the coming of the kingdom. (Matt. XVI; 28; XX; 17-29.) The glad day may be deferred, but it will come. He was steadily drifting to the conclusion that his death would give an impetus to his teachings such as could not otherwise be given. Socrates had faced his executioners under a similar impression. May not Jesus have heard of that cup of hemlock from the Greeks in Galilee? If, in dying, he could serve the gospel for which he lived, his enemies might do their worst! They could not put him down by killing him. In a few days he would rise again. That is to say, the movement into which he had put his life would spring up from his grave and fulfill all his hope. This the disciples did not much understand. People have not well understood it since. They have thought he spoke of a bodily resurrection from the grave after three days. He was speaking of a far greater thing.

V. ONWARD.

He went forward then with this hope. If Jerusalem welcomed him as the leader of the new age, it was well. If not, it was also well. Jerusalem would suffer, but the kingdom would come. (Matt. XXIII; 37, 38; XXIV; 23-32.) Truth crushed to earth will rise again. The enormous injustice of putting an innocent man to death will startle the world when it comes again to its senses, and all eyes will be turned upon him. The decree of his condemnation will be the call summoning the millions to hear his word. Very likely he may have thought that he would personally return to earth to have part in this triumph (Matt. XVI; 27, 28; XXIV; 30), but of this we cannot be sure. In matters they so little understood the disciples were poor reporters. He had his delusions, and this may have been one of them. It matters little. In the main thing his foresight has been justified.

LESSON XIV.

ARREST AND TRIAL.

I. DESERTION OF FRIENDS.

Many who had been interested in Jesus turned from him as his prospects darkened. The kingdom he preached seemed to them doomed to as complete a failure as the schemes of political independence that went before. Disappointment began to come over the disciples themselves, and as Jesus more and more clearly declared his fate, their expectations vanished. One of them thought Jesus had deceived them, holding out promises of great things, which led only to the dungeon or the cross. He grew noticeably cold, and Jesus had reason to suspect him of treachery. (Matt. XXVI: 20-26.)

II. A TRAITOR.

Who was Judas? With whom did he confer to bring about the arrest of Jesus? (Matt. XXVI: 14.) It was no difficult thing to seize the teacher, and they did not need the help of Judas; but their time had come, they thought, now that one of his intimate companions had turned against him. They gave him money, we are told—less than \$20. Do you think he did it for that? Is it not more likely that he did it out of resentment, thinking that Jesus, with the illusion of a kingdom in which the twelve apostles were to sit upon twelve thrones (Matt. XIX: 28), had brought them to straits in which their very lives were in danger?

III. THE ARREST.

Where was Jesus when the officers and the rabble came for him? (Matt. XXVI: 36.) How was he engaged? Was it night or day? Who piloted them into this place? Was it because of the darkness that they needed to have Jesus pointed out? How was he pointed out? Was any resistance offered (51)? This was the last show of nerve the disciples made. What odd comment is made in Luke concerning this era? We read in Matthew: "Then all the disciples left him and fled."

*IV. REPORT OF THE TRIAL.

If they all fled we have no good means of knowing what went on afterward. The writer of the fourth gospel sees this difficulty, and would have us think that John stood by and went into the palace of the high priest and heard the trial. There is no evidence of this. Peter followed in the crowd, and stayed outside in the court, where, from those passing out, he heard something of the proceedings. The gospels give varying accounts, as we should expect where all is hearsay. Beyond these we have only the known methods of Jewish courts to guide us.

V. THE CHARGES.

What were the accusations made against the prisoner? (Matt. XXVI 61-66.) These seem very feeble charges on which to try a man for his life. But the Jewish church, like the Roman Catholic afterward, wanted nothing of free speech. Free-thinking and free-speaking have always been capital offences in ecclesiastical courts, and these were the real accusations against Jesus. In these courts, too, the prisoner is as good as condemned beforehand. Jesus saw this and made no defense. Two witnesses testified to something disrespectful he had said about the temple, and the high priest tried to get him to answer the charge, hoping to convict him out of his own mouth. What result? Why would he not speak? Finally the court asked him, in all solemnity, whether he was the Christ. Why did he answer this question? What was the answer? Hearing this claim, what did the high priest do?

VI. BEFORE PILATE.

The Sanhedrim, or Jewish court, had found him worthy of death; but the approval of the Roman governor was needed before the penalty could be inflicted. So his accusers took him before Pilate. Did they repeat the same charges there? The Roman would think such matters too trivial to be noticed. To get his assent to their verdict Jesus must be made out a rebel. So they said, "Here is the man who declares against Caesar, calling himself 'King of the Jews.'" Jesus had never taken any such title; had always opposed any such movement. The gospels must be in error in saying that he admitted the charge when questioned by Pilate. Such an admission would not have been truthful. If he had made it, Pilate, as the representative of Caesar, would instantly have turned against him. What did Pilate desire to do with him? By what device did he hope to bring it about? (Matt. XXVII: 17.) This proposal was made to the multitude, and the multitude now had a chance to save the hero they had once idolized. But the priests had seen them since, and the fickle populace shouted anything but Hozanna now. Through want of tact Pilate got into a position where he could not do as he would, and became at last the instrument of a prosecution for which he had no respect. What was the final sentence?